1: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

121 call of adventure which led my footsteps into the wilder parts of the Near East, but just the love of horses and in particular of the splendid Arab horse. So intense was (and is) my passion for this noble animal, that I wished to meet him in his native pastures and there learn his history and the secrets of his breeding; and, if there was a secondary interest, it was to enquire into the wanderings of the Bedouin tribes. This grew more fascinating the further I proceeded, so that I came to study the geographical features of their pasture-areas and lines of migration, their historic past and ethnographical peculiarities—subjects on which I have published in various lands a series of special articles, maps, and tables.[1]

114 The Arabian peninsula is inconceivably vast; its area is half as great as that of the United States of America. My wanderings, naturally, stretched over only a part of Arabia, the highland plateau of the Bedouins that lies inland.

Although I touched the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf more than once, I have never yet visited such well-known places as Aden or Oman, not to mention Mecca and the Rub-el-Khali, which was crossed for the first time by two Englishmen (Bertram Thomas and St. John Philby) only a few years ago. I claim one thing, however: that during my sojourn in Arabia, I lived entirely as a Bedouin. I had never any need to deny my

123 114

[1] *American Geographical Society* (New York, 1930); *Asia* (New York, 1929); *Hippologische Sammlung*, Schickhardt and Ebner (Stuttgart, 1930); *Sportologue* (Los Angeles, 1931); *Sankt Georg* (Berlin, 1930–33); *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung* (Berlin, 1933); *Country Life* (London, 1934); *Sphere* (London, 1934); *Strand* London, 1935), etc., and Bulletins of the Agricultural Colleges and Animal Breeding Associations in Hungary, Poland, Russia, Japan, Argentina, Egypt, etc.

l: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

race or my creed amongst the Arabs. I was never once the butt of their mockery or suffered at their hands any discourtesy.

The reason that I was allowed to live with them on the most intimate terms and was implicitly trusted by them may perhaps be explained by the simple fact that I refrained from mingling in their politics, except when invited to give my opinion in internal tribal affairs. Furthermore, I was careful to adhere to all their cherished customs and prejudices, particularly those relating to their women. These are strict, and no European can hope to gain the complete confidence of a Bedouin without studied observance of them.

Like the desert itself, the Bedouins, looked upon from the outside, have a forbidding appearance; but the closer one lives to them, the better one comes to know them and is the more astonished at their placid unconcern.

The most astounding thing, which will ever command my admiration, is the equanimity with which the Bedouin leads his family and his herds from the oases and cultivated lands into the wilderness and across desert areas, which appear to be absolutely barren. The first cloud proclaiming the advent of rain lures him irresistibly to the highlands of the Hamad and the flint desert or into the sand dunes of the Nufud. After the first rains the bold camel-plunderers also leave their tents. With their war-mares tied to their racing camels, they ride out into the blue, often covering a thousand miles, "and sit on the roads (as the holy script says) and lie in wait for booty like an Arab in the desert. . . ."